



This will die with you



57 11 12

Chapter 1 by Belle Adler

Don't you dare stop reading this.

This is important. Seriously important. If you're reading this, I've been taken. You'll probably never meet me - I doubt I'll survive the first few months.

I'm guessing you don't know what's going on - that there are people called Eliminators in this world. They capture people with certain abilities - people like you and I - because we're part of a special race. A race that was supposed to have died out hundreds of years ago.

You and I may be the last of our kind, so it's especially essential that you pay attention to this. You may be feeling nervous right now - but I assure you, it's nothing compared to what I'll be feeling right about now.

You have to run. You have to get out of here and run for your life. Don't tell anyone where you're going. Eliminators can impersonate people - they can be anyone. ANYONE. So that's why you have to keep this absolutely secret. No one needs to know about this - not friends, not family, not co-workers. No one.

If you're snorting in disbelief or wanting to close this letter out of fear or uncertainty, I assure you, this is real. We are in danger - and if you walk away, you'll be dead within half an hour.

Do it now - pack your bags and get out. Wherever you are, wherever you're staying, it doesn't matter. This is deadly. This is important. And this needs to be taken seriously.

Don't try to find me. They'll just take you too, and you don't want that. Trust me. I've been captured by them before. I was lucky to escape - but don't count on luck.

Go somewhere secluded. Somewhere no one can find you. Wait at least four months. Every four months Eliminators have to leave to consult with their masters.

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Chapter 2 by Cloise

My life changed when I received a letter from a friend. It was a letter from a friend I had just met, rolling my eyes, annoyed for the excess of spam I was receiving recently. At the top was the little notification

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saying 'This message is high priority.' Yeah, right. I skimmed the message. It was in red.

But at the first sentence - "Don't you dare stop reading this." - I was drawn in. "If you're reading this, I've been taken." I read the whole thing, a red message in a little box. I was so frightened. 'But what about my parents? Why me?' I thought. 'I can't just leave here...'

Then I realized 'It's a joke. I'm taking this far too seriously. This has to be a joke. It's just a stupid email.'

I got up - and my computer pinged with another email.

The sender was "Anonni Mouse". Very subtle. It was the same sender as the other mysterious email. I looked at this new email.

There was a skull and crossbones. And underneath it read:

"I know what you're thinking - it's not real. But it's very real. And if you don't leave in - the next... five minutes, they will take you too. And torture you. And do experiments on you. And kill you. So GO. I AM BEGGING YOU. GO NOW.

Chapter 3 by KlausBaudelaire



I raced around my room, throwing clothes and toiletries into a brown bag sitting on my bed. This email... I didn't know why, but a part of me felt that I had to believe it, that I NEEDED to believe it. It wasn't going to be easy, but I knew what I had to do.

My mother knocked twice and came into my room, with a concerned expression on her face. "What could you possibly be doing at this hour?" Then her eyes drifted towards the suitcase, and she paled. "Where are you going?"

"I don't have time to explain, Mom. There was this email..."

At the mention of an email, she walked over to my computer and began reading. By the end, her

face had taken on an expression of recognition and understanding. "So it's time."

I stopped rushing around my room. Then, "Mom, what should I know about this?"

She walked over to my bed and placed my remaining items into the bag. "I would love to explain, really I would, but there's no time. Your father and I knew this day would come eventually." She

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hefted the brown bag onto her shoulder and walked out of the room, with me trailing confusedly behind her.

Dad was standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking confused. Mom merely said, "It's time," and he nodded solemnly.

Faster than I would have liked, I was standing outside, having one last conversation with Mom and Dad. I didn't know what to say, but it seemed that neither did they. Mom's eyes were glistening, but she choked out, "Just..come back to us. When you're done. Come back to us." She hugged me, but let go just as fast and ushered me off of the front steps. "Now go – hurry!"

And the door was closed.

Chapter 4 by Brett



What is going on? When I'm done with what?

I want answers and the ones who know just pushed me out of the house!

Where am I going to go? What am I supposed to do? Whom am I running from? What do my parents know they aren't telling me? So many questions and zero answers.

The only thing I do know is I need to run....

Chapter 5 by MonicaLynn



I looked down at my feet and silently thanked my mother for being extremely knowledgeable in running away. She forced me to take two pairs of shoes, even though she knew they would weigh me down a bit. Even though all of us only wore bright clothing, they somehow found a wardrobe of all black for me to take with me. Had they really planned this out so well?

I sniffed the inside of my jacket. I know that seems weird, but in the cold, it's what my mother told me to do when I felt cold. It smelled like vanilla and leather: it smelled like home. There was no use in waiting forever. Every minute I spent being sentimental would be a minute closer to

my death. I prepared myself to run.

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I couldn't help but thank my mother for all the times she had told me to do when I was younger. I quit when I was 16. In those years of sports, I had learned to overcome the pain and just keep running.

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And so I began to sprint. Every footfall pounded the phrase even more deeply into my mind.

Just keep running; just keep running.

Just
keep
running...

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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